PS 3513 0583J8 1912

JUST YOU



ELIZABETH GORDON.



Class PS 3513

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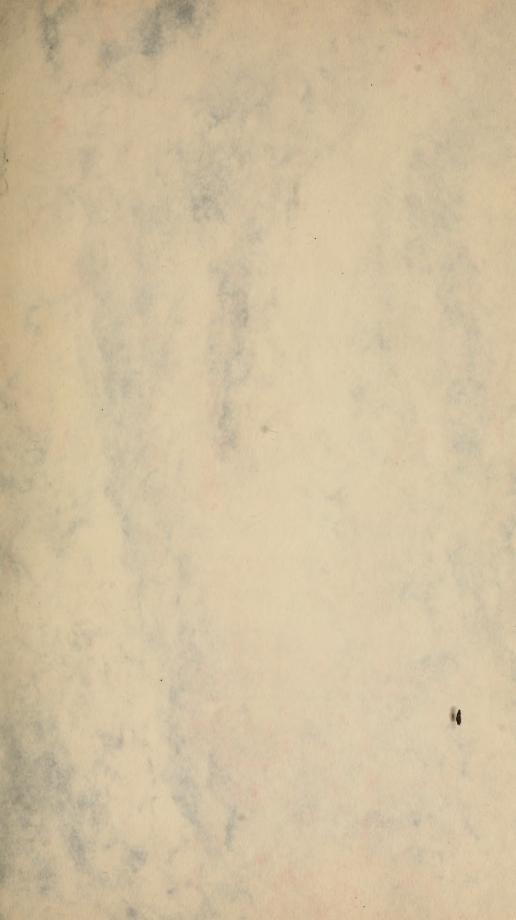




JUST YOU



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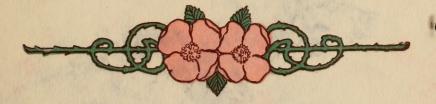


sunny day in early June.

Made bright by recent rain, Some happy children in a field,

Weaving a daisy chain, A wallet with a crust of bread.

The sky above me blue, The good brown road beneath my feet-And close beside me-You.







A meadow smiling in the sun,
Cows knee deep in the stream,
An elm tree wavings in the wind,
A silvery birch's gleam,
A long white road, a rustic bridge,
A brooklet gliding through,
And with the sunlight on your hair,
Coming toward me-You.





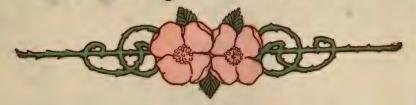


A high old wall of ancient make,
With ivy overgrown,
A fountain sparkling in the sun,
Carven from gray old stone;

Gay beds of pinks and hollyhocks,

The kind my mother grew, Some humming-birds and butterflies,

A climbing rose and-You.



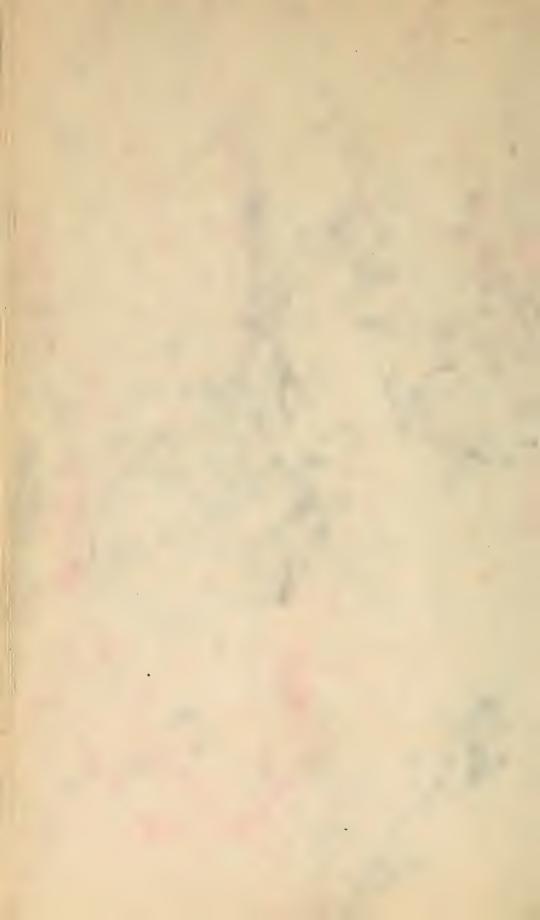




AN August noon, a placid stream,

Bordered with evergieen,
Blue mountains in the distance, to
Complete the peaceful scene;
Some grey gulls flying overhead,
A graceful light canoe,
And steering while I paddle.
On crimson cushions-You.





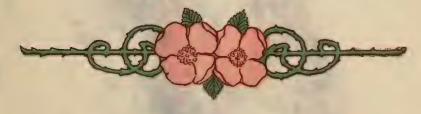


SOME roses rare, a white draped board,
My favorite cates
A waiter with a noiseless
tread,

Some mellow old tokay; Some shaded lights, a little food.

The service laid a deux,
Some sweet old music softly
played

And opposite me-You.



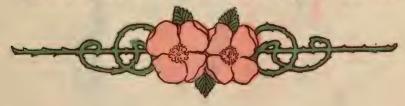




AN opera, Faust or Trovatore-Or, drama if you please. Where in the shadows of a box, I might sit at mine ease.

In fact I do not care at all.

If play be old or new, If the violins play And I have beside me-You.







A stately house of good gray stone,
To face the rising sun,
A wide old porch where one might rest,
When the days work was done;
Dark polished floors, deep window sills,
A wide hall running through,
A red tiled roof to shelter me,

And underneath it-You.







A shelf of books, a bit of blue
Old china fine and rare,
A faded Persian rug;
across
A deep old leather chair;
A shaded lamp, some cloisonne,
A magazine or two,
And, if the gods would grant so much,
An open fire and-You.

